

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 17, 1857.

DISCHARGE OF PHILLIPS.—Phillips, who has been charged with the murder of young Tanner, has been discharged from custody, the Grand Jury having returned the bill against him. —*Memphis News.*

DEPARTURE OF RAILROAD TRAINS

CURTAIN MATERIALS—Satin de Laines, Brocatelles
Worsted and Cotton Damask, Lace, and Muslin Cur

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

BOYS' HATS—A splendid assortment of Boys' Soft Hats just received at
m4j&b PRATHER, SMITH, & CO.'S, 455 Main st.

I HAVE this day sold to Messrs. Tripp & Cragg my entire stock and interest in the MUSIC TRADE in this city,

OXFORD TIES, a very neat dress shoe for
spring, for sale low at
a10 j&b OWEN & WOOD'S.

Third Street.—Now is the time to get the gold watches, jewelry and extra fine books, pocket-

1000

EVENING BULLETIN.

CONNECTICUT ELECTION.—The New Haven Palladium has the full returns of the vote for Governor in that State on Monday, the 6th inst. Mr. Holley, the Union candidate, received 31,312 votes; Ingham, Democrat, 30,911. Majority for Holley, 401.

Henry Birks has just died in Philadelphia from the effects of the National Hotel disease. Mr. Baker, the newly appointed Collector of that port, is also dangerously ill from the same cause.

[From this morning's Journal.]

FURTHER BY THE ARABIA.

PHILADELPHIA, April 16.
 Arrived at Liverpool from New Orleans: Agamemnon, Alice Conner, Arran, Amphoter, Crown Point, Lerry Spalding, Martin Luther, Meridian, Ocean Bride, Otsonthe, Sebastian Cabot, Shelter, Waudeau. At Marseilles: Addison Child, Lurie, A. Nichols. At Queenstown: Blanch, At Trieste: Milan, Enoch Train, Golden Rule. At Bordeaux: Harrington, At Deal: Helen McGraw. At Havre: Isabel, Martin Luther, Sea Dog.

Richardson & Spence's Liverpool circular quotes breadstuffs quiet, but previous prices barely maintained. Corn 6d lower. Other cereals are fluctuating. A safe remark is that the market is essentially unchanged from the prices of the previous week. Maxwell's circular quotes breadstuffs steady. Corn declining; mixed 30s 9d; yellow 31s 9d. Flour unchanged: State 26s 2d; Ohio 32s 6d; Southern 28s 6d. White wheat 8 6d; red 7 6d.

Arrests continue of conspirators against Napoleon. Madrid reports say that the Spanish forces will under every circumstance occupy a portion of Mexican territory, for the protection of Spanish subjects. Austria has issued a new circular against Sardinia. France and England strongly remonstrate with both Sardinia and Austria to keep the peace.

Prussia announces her determination to maintain her policy respecting the Danish duchies, and has ordered her coast defenses to be strengthened.

Russia is concentrating her forces at Anapa against the Circassians.

The Chinese details confirm previous telegraph reports, repeating that the Emperor ordered Yeh to make peace on any terms, but the news is doubted. The American ship Highflyer was wrecked at Fornosa. The crew was murdered and the ship burnt.

WASHINGTON, April 16.
 No mail south of Savannah. The Roman Catholic Institute of Henrico county, Va., was burned yesterday.

The United States vessels Independence, John Adams, and Decatur are to proceed to the Pacific side of the Isthmus of Panama, and the home squadron to the other side in view of our difficulties in that quarter.

This morning a delegate from four different tribes of Indians paid their formal respects to the President, who, expressing his warm interest in the welfare of the red man, said he was the Great Father to many such persons, yet, strange to say, had no children of his own.

The amount of lands granted to Minnesota, under the recent act of Congress for railroad purposes, is estimated at 4,416,000 acres.

BALTIMORE, April 16.
 Six bodies have been recovered from the ruins today, making thirteen in all. Another of those injured died this afternoon, making the total deaths, so far, fifteen.

The remains of Buckley, a member of the Independent fire company, was recovered this afternoon. The search is still going on.

WASHINGTON, April 16.
 There has been a change of programme in the Nebraska appointments, for which there were over a hundred applicants. They are officially promulgated as follows: George H. Nixon, Tenn., register land office; Charles B. Smith, Minn., receiver of public money for Nemaha land district; Andrew Hopkins, Penn., register Edward Deslinda, Ala., receiver Fourth Plate district; John U. H. Patrick, Nebraska, register; John C. Turis, Nebraska, receiver Dacotah district.

ST. LOUIS, April 16.
 The court house of Lincoln, Illinois, containing the records of Logan county, was entirely destroyed by fire on Tuesday night.

The American State Council convened here yesterday.

ALTON, Ill., April 16.
 The planning mill of Morrison, Beal, & Co., the Methodist church, and three dwellings were destroyed by fire. Loss \$25,000 to \$40,000. Insurance small.

ST. LOUIS, April 16.
 River still rising, with nearly 20 feet of water to Cairo. Upstream all rising. Weather clear, cool, and windy.

EVANSVILLE, April 16.
 Steamers D. A. Given, S. P. Hibbard, Southern, Landis, Sovereign, Lebanon, and Mariner passed down. The Shenango, Moss McLellan, Empire, Wm. Dickson, H. D. Newcomb, and Chancellor passed up. The R. J. Ward is expected up tonight. The river has been rising for the last few days, and is still rising slowly.

CINCINNATI, April 16, P. M.
 Weather more moderate. River rising slowly with 14 feet in the channel.

PITTSBURG, April 16, P. M.
 River 8 feet 2 inches and falling. Weather clear and milder.

THE WILD KNIGHT, OR THE UNKNOWN CRUSADER.

A TALE OF GERMANY IN THE DAYS OF THE EMPIRE.

[Continued from our last.]

As the knight thus spoke he raised the small white hand to his lips, and as he imprinted his first kiss thereon, Agnes of Luxembourg smiled.

Those were days when true men and maidens spent not long hours in senseless flirtation, nor tried to conceal the generous emotions of the heart. If the thought was right 'twas spoken. So from that hour the Knight of the Eagle knew that he was welcomed by the only maiden who had ever won his heart. The emotion was a strange one, and under its influence his heart grew light and joyous and his arm stronger.

As soon as possible the two crusaders put on their armor, and then went out into the court where they found Robert and Bernard with the horses all caparisoned; and from the porter they learned that Von Metzinger was waiting an answer from him. But just as the porter spoke the voice of the robber knight was heard in loud and angry tones:

"Hallo! Within there, thou creeping porter. What is the answer to thy mistress? Will she give up the golden calves, or must we take them?"

"Oh, noble sirs," spoke the old porter, trembling from head to foot, "only last week Sir Otto and his crew robbed the Convent of St. Mary, of Barlbrown, carried off all the gold and silver, and killed four armed peasants who had come up to help to defend the place!"

"Say so? Then I'll send them off howling now. Where is there a loop-hole through which I can count the way to the small wicket in which there was a square piece of chain netting?"

Through this the Black Knight could count the robbers. There were two knights and fourteen men-at-arms—the latter on foot, and armed with cross-bows and swords, and wearing the usual armor of the foot soldiers of the period—round shell-caps of iron with deep creases behind; cuirasses of brass, with a joint at the neck, thus supplying the place of a gorget; but no brassards or cuisses. They were stout-looking fellows, and from what our hero could see of their faces he would have judged them to be just fit for some such work. Sir Otto was a stout, powerful man, and as he now wore his visor up the crusader could see that he had a bold, bad look. The other knight, the porter said, was Sir John von Mainhardt; and that knight our crusaders knew had been placed under the ban of the empire for his evil deeds, but particularly for having robbed the Archbishop of Mayence.

"Call out your men," said the Unknown, "and

have them arranged in the court here to be ready for any who may chance to dodge in. Now, Sir Engelbert, we will out upon them, while Robert and Bernard follow to scatter the hirelings."

Thus speaking the Black Knight closed his visor, and having loosened his ax, and couched his lance, he called upon the porter to throw back the gate. As the way was thus opened, six of the men-at-arms were seen bringing up a heavy log, with which they meant to batter down the wicket. The movement of Sir Otto and his companion, when they beheld this unexpected presence, was one of astonishment; but they could betray much emotion our hero spoke:

"How now, Sir Knights—what would ye here?" "Who are you that dares question Otto of Metzinger?" the robber retorted. "Just stand where you are and I'll ride thee down as I would a praying nun."

As Sir Otto spoke he gathered up his rein and put spurs to his horse; and with his impious battle cry of, "the spoils to the mighty!" he dashed on.

"God and St. Fude!" shouted the Unknown, as he braced himself for the shock. He did not move from the place where he stood. He only bent a keen eye upon the robber, and set his lance for the guard. He felt the power of a giant in his good right arm, and full well he knew that the oncoming knight only rushed upon defeat. He had received too many charges to miss his mark now; and even his horse had been so thoroughly trained that a single word was sufficient for its guidance.

With a firm hand the Black Knight held his lance, and as the robber came dashing upon him a quick-spoken word caused his horse to leap upon one side, and at the same moment his lance, with a movement almost imperceptible, turned the point of the robber's weapon over the right shoulder, while the steel head of his own spear caught Sir Otto's helm just below the visor and rolled him from his horse upon the ground. Almost at the same moment Sir John von Mainhardt leaped beneath the stroke of Engelbert. The Unknown leaped from his saddle and placed his sword at the throat of the fallen knight.

"Now yield thee, recreant knight!"

"But to whom?" asked Otto, in struggling accents.

"To the Black Eagle of Palestine!" shouted our hero.

"Mercy!" gasped the vanquished man. "Why didn't you tell me so?"

"But do you yield?"

"Yes!"

"And if I spare thee, wilt thou give me thine oath that thou wilt not trouble this place again?"

"The terms are hard."

"But is not life valuable? Remember—I would kill thee as quickly as I would any other robber!"

"Spare me! I promise."

"Then upon thy knees and take the oath. That is the order!"

Sir Otto hesitated a while, but at length he got upon his knees, and with the cross of the crusaders' sword before him, he took the prescribed oath.

"Well done, Sir Otto von Metzinger. Now call thy robber crew off, and go in search of some more legitimate game."

In the meantime the two esquires had been doing a heavy work among the men-at-arms. Robert of Swingenhoffen was like a wild bull among them, while Bernard stalked about like a stork among frogs. Their long experience against the Saracens had given them notions of combat of which their huddling adversaries knew nothing. Three of the robber-retainers were slain outright, while most of the others were either senseless upon the ground or crawling away with cracked or aching heads.

Sir John von Mainhardt, as soon as he knew who his captor was, readily took the same oath that his companion had taken, and then they were allowed to depart; though ere they did so the latter poured out his enmity and threats profusely.

"By the holy host, Sir Crusaders, you have ventured into a nest of hornets, as you shall find to your cost. If you get out of these mountains with a whole skin you'll be fortunate!"

With this threat upon his lips, the robber-knight turned to where his men-at-arms were searching for their senses, and ere long the whole party rode off—all save the three dead ones, their bodies being left for the monks to dispose of.

Blessings, deep and sincere, were showered upon the two crusaders when they returned to the convent; and when they heard of the oath they had made the marauders take, the abbess could not speak her gratitude.

A hearty breakfast was eaten, and after this the two knights signified their intention of departing. The storm of the previous evening had passed away, and the air of the spring morning was fresh and fragrant.

"Do you go near Stuttgart?" the abbess asked.

"Directly thither," the Black Knight answered. "Then you will easily reach it before dark if your horses are strong."

"Certainly."

"I have a favor to ask of thee," the abbess resumed, addressing him of the Eagle. "The Lady Agnes had been for several days watching for some friends who had promised to come and conduct her to Stuttgart, where she would go to see her cousins, Constance of Baden, and Blanche of Wurtemberg. They may not come for a long while, and if you will accept the charge I shall give her into thy keeping, for safe delivery at the castle of Everhard von Wurtemberg."

"Everhard von Wurtemberg?" repeated the Black Knight. "The Wild Knight of Swabia?"

"Yes, Sir Crusader. He is surely the wildest knight in all Christendom; and the most jealous of restraint. Even the Emperor he sets at defiance, and claims all mankind for his foe. He is a strange being, and a headstrong man to boot. He stands at the head of the robber knights of the empire; but yet he is a brave man, and would scorn a mean action. He would lie down and die of starvation ere he would rob a woman; and his breast he would bear to the sword ere he would strike a foul blow. Be sure he will give thee hearty welcome if you cross not his purpose. But, wilt thou accept the charge?"

"Does the fair lady wish it?"

"She does."

"Then I accept the trust, and you may feel that you hold my life in pledge for her safety."

I understand, returned the abbess, with a smile; and thus speaking she turned away.

Ere long Agnes von Luxembourg entered the keeping room, all prepared for her journey; and both the knights started as they beheld her strange beauty when thus arrayed. Her riding robe of purple velvet was bordered with gold, and the jaunty velvet cap, with its drooping ostrich plumes, cast a warm glow upon her face that was like a halo. She wore a small dagger in her girdle, and in her hand she carried a light whip. Her horse, a noble barb, with a mixture of the Arabian in his veins, manifested the utmost delight when he saw his mistress approach; and when she had been assisted to her saddle, the pleased animal capered about with unmistakable manifestations of joy.

"Now, mind you," said the abbess, once more addressing the Black Knight, "until you reach the castle of Everhard the Lady Agnes is my charge to you."

"Then the Wild Knight has some control over her," the Black Eagle said, in a tone so low that the maiden could not hear it.

A dark shade rested upon the face of the abbess, and a slight shudder passed through her frame as she replied:

"Yes—he is her guardian—made so by my brother in his last will. But I have authority now."

Once more our hero promised to watch well his charge, and the abbess drew a long sigh. There were a few sincere blessings—a kiss—a cheerful farewell—and then the party rode away.

After the lapse of several hours, a short silence ensued, the Crusader gazed upon his fair companion with an earnest prayerful look. She looked up and met his gaze, and a warm glow suffused her face. She knew not that he was looking upon her, or she would not have gazed upon them, for her eyes were beaming with the tale of love, and she knew it. And a less interested person than herself, and one with less preception, could not have failed to see that the knight's gaze was one of pure, devoted affection.

It was a moment of strange emotions. Each had detected the other in the act of pouring out the silent language of love. The knight was the first to speak.

"Gentle lady," he said, in a tone made rich and musical by the deep feeling that sustained it, "why should two honorable people, whom fate has thrown together, hide the deepest, holiest emotions of their souls? I will not hide mine. You shall not say I could look what I dared not speak. Agnes of Lux-

emburg, I love thee with the whole strength of my heart, and with the undivided power of my heart's first love. Thou art the first maiden who ever awoke the sweet whisper in my soul, and to thee I give my poor heart with all its hopes, its aspirations, and its joys. I trust I have not offended?"

For some moments the fair girl gazed down upon the arching neck of her steed without speaking. She trembled violently, for there was a mighty struggle in her soul.

"Alas!" she at length uttered, raising her moistened eyes to her companion's face, "would that my love and my duty were united!"

"Speak plainly, I beseech thee."

"Knowest thou not that my father willed that I should wed with the Count of Baden?"

"I knew he had so willed. Did he lay the command upon thee?"

"He never commanded me, sir. His wish was always my law. When he expressed to me his desire, he knew that, if it were in my power to do it, his desire would be accomplished."

"But thy love, lady?"

"Thou art the first man who ever won my young heart. See—I am frank because thou hast been."

"Bless thee, gentle Agnes—bless thee for ever. Thou dost love me, then?"

"With all my heart."

"Then see: We still have ground for hope. If the Lord of Baden be an honorable man, he will not surely hold thee to a union from which love must ever be absent. He would not have such a wife if he could."

"Ah—you know him not!" said Agnes, with a slight shake of the head. "Nor do you know the man whom my father placed over me as my guardian. Alas! they have no hearts of love or sympathy."

The knight gazed upon his companion as she spoke, and when she ceased speaking he bowed his head. There was a cloud upon his brow, and his lips were compressed; yet he seemed more worked upon by some firm purpose of his own than by any fears of the powers of others. When he again raised his head his bright eye beamed with more than ordinary meaning.

"Gentle Agnes," he said, "love me—love me well—love me as I love thee—and leave the rest to me. In this universe of good there must be power enough to overcome all evil, if it could only be properly applied, and so why may we not hope that right and justice shall triumph here?"

"My love I cannot control," the maiden answered. "Were I never to see thee again, from this hour my heart could never give up thine image—my soul could never forget this, its first holy love. As true as I live, I speak frankly and truthfully now. Were the painful clause removed; could the barrier be broken down—honorably so—I would place my hand within thine own, and be thine forever!"

The noble knight raised his hand to his cheek and brushed away a tear, and when he spoke his voice was low and sweet.

"Among the blessings of God, and standing second only to the pure faith of the tried Christian, is bright, sunny hope. Let us cling to it."

Half the afternoon had passed away, and the travelers had just entered upon a broad table of level land, when Engelbert's horse, which was ahead, suddenly stopped and placed his nose to the ground, and in a moment more he raised his head and gave a snort, a startling snort.

"Ah, that means that we are to meet somebody," said the Black Knight, as Agnes gazed inquiringly toward him.

For a moment an expression of fear dwelt upon the maiden's face, but it quickly passed away.

"We have nothing to fear, surely," the knight resumed. "If they be robbers we have nothing to lose, and if they be not robbers they must be friends. Yet I'll don my casque and take my shield, for war sometimes comes when we least expect it."

As he thus spoke he exchanged his velvet cap for the black steel helm with its triple plume, and then calling to his esquire, he took his shield. Just as Engelbert had made the same arrangement a party of three knights appeared upon the opposite side of the plain, which was nearly half a mile distant. As the distance became less, an exclamation of fear dropped from Agnes's lips, and when her companion looked upon her, he found her pale and trembling.

"What is it?" he asked eagerly.

"The Count of Baden!" she uttered.

"The Count? which one?"

"He that rides upon the right hand—the shortest one."

"And do you know who are these other two?"

Agnes looked a few moments, and then she replied:

"Aye—they are two of the most villainous knights that ever broke knightly vows. There is Sir Frederick von Bondorf, who came from Bavaria to feed his head from the law; and Sir Marco Montani, a crafty, bloody, and unscrupulous Italian. They are the Count's tools, and do his bidding for hire."

"They look like stout knights," said the Eagle, half to himself.

"And so they are," responded Agnes.

"But you tremble, dearest."

"The Count may be on his way to Saint Fulvia."

"Ha! For thee! Now I see. And why should he have come? Think you Everhard sent him?"

The maiden pondered a few moments ere she replied, and during her hesitation the knight stopped.

"I'll tell thee all in a few words," she at length said, "and thus save thy questions. My guardian will do much for the Count of Baden. He would not for worlds directly do a deed to harm me; yet he looks upon my marriage with the Count as a fixed fact, and he will help it on. Thrice have I refused to go to Baden's stout castle of Heidelberg, and I would have sworn that he would not let me to his dwelling, but he would not go otherwise. The last time I saw my guardian he told me in a laughing mood—he laughed because he thinks my coyness of the Count is only the result of whim; he does not know that I despise him—he told me to beware of Rudolf of Baden, for that he meant to kidnap me on the first opportunity. So I think he has come now for that purpose."

The new-comers were now within a few rods, and as the Count or Baden recognized Agnes he put spurs to his horse. As he did so the Unknown dropped his visor and secretly loosened the strap of his heavy battle-axe. He of Baden was in full armor, only he wore his visor up.

"Ha, my little truant!" the Count cried, as he drew up a few yards off. "I have found thee most opportunely. I was after thee, sweet one."

With a powerful effort Agnes overcame the tumultuous emotions that shook her frame, and then in a respectful manner she replied:

"I am on my way to Stuttgart. I am going to the castle of my guardian."

"So you meant when you started. I saw the noble Count, thy guardian, this morning, and he bade me come and take thee. And so you see I have come. Sir Knight, I will relieve thee of thy charge."

"Were I anxious to give up my charge I might thank thee for thy kindness," returned our hero, calmly and modestly. "But, as I assumed the charge for a specified purpose, I must do my pledge. Still, you will allow me to thank you all the same."

The young Count was at first puzzled by this. He was young for the place of power he occupied, being not yet thirty; but he had had much experience, and was accounted one of the best and surest lances in Baden.

Before he could answer, however, their attention was called in another direction, where two more knights had appeared upon the field. Agnes of Luxembourg drew a long, painful breath, and her cheek once more blushed with fear, for in the two horsemen who had thus made their appearance she recognized Sir Otto of Metzinger and John of Mainhardt! She knew that their souls were full of revenge against her noble lover; and is it a wonder that she trembled with the thought of her two faithful friends meeting; these five full-armed knights? Her heart sank within her as the conviction came that she must now go with the hated Count von Baden!

But will the renowned Knight of the Eagle tamefully yield her up, while he is thus being hurried to his doom by being in his valorous heart? "Will he fight against such fearful odds?" asks Agnes of her trembling heart; and—"What if he should be overwhelmed and slain at my feet?" Yes—he will fight! She reads his determination in his flashing eye, and imperial bearing. Short is the angry parley. The visors are drawn down; the lances are couched and the opposing battle-cries ring out upon the startled air. Agnes can only pray to God to speed the right.

The above is all of this beautiful and highly in-

teresting story that will be published in our columns. We give this as a sample. The continuation of it can be found only in the New York Ledger, the great family weekly paper, for which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and which can be found at all the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold. Remember to ask for the New York Ledger of April 18, and in it you will get the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here. If you cannot get a copy at any news office, the publisher of the Ledger will mail you a copy on the receipt of five cents. Fanny Fern writes only for the New York Ledger; Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., writes only for it. Emerson Bennett writes only for it; and nearly all the eminent writers in the country, such as Mrs. Sigourney, Mr. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, and Alice Carey, contribute regularly to its columns. Mrs. Southworth will soon commence a new story in the New York Ledger—hereafter she will write for no other paper. It is mailed to subscribers at \$2 a year, or two copies for \$3. It is the handsomest and best family paper in the country, elegantly illustrated, and characterized by a high moral tone.

Explosion and Loss of Life.—A fire-damp occurred at Governor's Creek coal mine, Chatham county, N. C., on Monday last, resulting in most serious consequences. Superintendent Dunn and four other men were instantly killed. Another's life is despaired of. The destruction of everything around was complete. The company, I understand, have recently invested (or were about investing) \$2,500,000 in working them. This is the second explosion attended with fatal effect which has taken place at this mines the present year.—Richmond Enquirer.

Pianos!! Pianos!!! TRIPP & CRAGG

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NUNNS & CLARKE,

Which are fully warranted by us, as well as by the manufacturers. Orders from a distance for these Pianos, or anything in the musical line, will be promptly attended to by TRIPP & CRAGG, Music Dealers, 105 Fourth Street, and Sole agents in Louisville for NUNNS & CLARKE, Peters, Cragg, & Co.'s Pianos, No. 105 Fourth Street, next door to Durkin, Heath, & Co.'s Dry Goods Store, Louisville, Ky. m18 j&b

LUBIN'S AND BAZIN'S EXTRACTS (WARRANTED GENUINE), best Potatoes, Barry's Tricopherous, Lyon's Kathaloon, Balm of 1,000 Flowers, Barbers' Soap, Skin Soap (very superior), Hair, Nail, and Tooth Brushes, Dressing, Side and Back Combs, the Ivory Comb, Pocket Cutlery, fine Scissors, Hair Pins, also a complete set of the celebrated helix-eyed Needles, to which the French ladies are particularly called. For sale by (m17 j&b) W. W. TALBOT, 98 Fourth st.

TIN BIRD CAGES in great variety, also Birds' Nests, Bird Baths, and Cages for sale at

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TRAVELING SATCHELS AND CARPET BAGS, all qualities, received and for sale by

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NEW BOOKS.

THE Wigwam and the Cabin, by W. Gilmore Simm Esq. Price \$1.25.

Inquire Within for Anything you want to Know, or Three Thousand Seven Hundred Facts Worth Knowing. Price \$1.

The Star and the Cloud, or a Daughter's Love, by A. S. Rae. Price \$1.25.

Tiff for Tat, a Novel, by a Lady of New Orleans. Price \$1.

The Artist's Bride, or the Pawn-Broker's Heir, by Emerson Bennett. Price \$1.00.

The History and Records of the Elephant Club, by Q. K. Pendergast. Price \$1.

Live and Learn, a Guide for all who wish to Speak and Write Correctly. Price 50c.

Also, a new supply of the Night Watch. Just received and for sale by

CRUMP & WELSH, 84 Fourth st., near Market. m16 j&b

Fine Time Keepers.

PATRONS in want of an excellent WATCH are invited to examine our large and varied assortment, which is of the highest quality, to which we are constantly adding our own direct importations.

Sign of the Golden Eagle, Main St., between Fourth and Fifth. m13 j&b

Paper Dolls and How to Make Them.

PAPER Dolls How to Make Them; 40 cents. The Boy of Light to Brighton Cottage Homes, by the author of "A Drop to Catch a Sunbeam;" 35 cents.

Jesus Upon Earth, fresh supply; 65 cents. The Doctrine of Baptisms, by Rev. Dr. Armstrong; \$1.